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THE
FAIRQUAKER:

OR,

The Humours of the Navy.

WRITTEN

By Mr. CHARLES SHADWELL,

AND ALTERED

By Captain EDWARD THOMPSON.

THE SECONDEDITION, WITH MANY ADDITIONS.

Me juvat ire per altum,

VIRGIL.

How pleasant a sailor's life passes, who roams o'er the wat'ry main!

OLD SONG.

LONDON:

Printed for T. LOWNDES, in FLEET STREET; and
T. BECKET, in the STRAND. 1775.

[Price ONE SHILLING.]

THE FAIR QUEEN:

OR,

THE HISTORY OF THE FAIR QUEEN.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY MR. CHARLES SHADWILL.

AND A LETTER

TO THE READER BY EDWARD THOMPSON.

LONDON: PRINTED BY J. JOHNSON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

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THE FAIR QUEEN.

PREFATORY ADDRESS.

THE *Fair Quaker of Deal*, has long been an acting comedy, and at the time it was written, it stood high in dramatic reputation; the characters being well drawn, and not more heightened than the natural pictures allowed of: and although the seasoning may be too high for the palates of the present age; yet, in times of less luxury and more chastity, the drama was always more loose and unguarded. It is an uncontrovertible truth, that the more vicious we grow in conduct and disposition, the more chaste and refined we become in sentiment and conversation; for when we have really lost our chastity and reputation, we artfully assume a foreign character, and endeavour, by a prudish behaviour, to hide the very vices we practise. Mr. Charles Shadwell,

A 2

author

author of this play, was the nephew of the Laureat Mr. *Thomas Shadwell*; his father brought him up to the study of the law; but the dryness of the profession did not suit with his disposition: the *Muses* were the alluring jilts he followed; and the company of the reigning wits he preferred, to the technical discourses of the Inns of Court. The comedy of *The Fair Quaker of Deal* he brought out in 1709, when it was acted with universal applause, upon Miss *Santlow's* performance (who was afterwards Mrs. *Booth*); for the innocence of her countenance, joined to the elegance of her person, gave new graces to the character of *Dorcas Zeal*. In the year 1756 it was revived again; and since that time it has been occasionally performed. The knowledge we have of Mr. *Charles Shadwell* is very trivial; I can only find that he had a place in the revenue of *Dublin*, which he obtained after the representation of this comedy; and in possession of it he died, on the 12th of August, 1726. I cannot discover, by any anecdotes that I can glean, whether Mr. *Shadwell* had been to sea: but there is no doubt, but he was more acquainted with marine knowledge, than what might be learnt in a passage across the Irish channel; for the sea phrases are admirably adapted; and the characters are so well delineated, that

that he must have served some years in a nautical academy, before he could possibly paint so well to the life.

Of the alteration of this play, the first idea came from Mr. *Garrick*; and Mr. *Weston's* natural humour, in a great respect, gave birth to *Dick Binnacle*: the maritime characters are made more modern; and though many may think that those of *Flip* and *Mizen* are too extravagant; yet the navy still produces such, as finical and as boisterous. Dramatic characters, in general, are drawn extravagantly strong, *outré et par dessus*: a mediocrity is an insipid and insupportable part for the best actor; therefore, we may say, that a picture of the stage is rather a caricatura of nature, than a copy of the life. Such are those of this revived piece, which are not reduced, but made more modern.

If in this mirror some marine gentlemen should see a likeness, I wish they may not be ashamed to alter their peculiarities for the sake of that service they belong to: and if the cap is not found to fit any sailor's head, we hope to pure a set of people will smile at the tars of Mr. *Shadwell's* time.

But,

But, notwithstanding many people have allowed great praise to the character of *Binnacle*, and have approved the alterations and additions; yet, I beg that I may be allowed to say, the success of the piece arose more from the excellent performance of it, than from any deserts of the author. Few plays have been more happily cast than *The Fair Quaker*, and few received with more candid indulgence.

But, whenever a dramatic piece appears, which contains any professional characters, people are apt to suit them to the line of their own acquaintance: the compositions of Mr. Foote have repeatedly proved this assertion. Many marine gentlemen have said, that the character of *Mizen* was an out-line of the late worthy, sensible, and gallant captain *Ruthven*: against this charge I beg to exculpate myself and his unsullied fame; for I honoured and esteemed him living, and greatly lament him dead; he had no vices which deserved public satire; and his virtues were too numerous to receive any additional fame from my pen. I have not aimed the satire of this piece at any individual; I have endeavoured to explode some absurd customs, which might, if pursued, effeminate the naval service, and bring it into
some

some disrepute. It was a veneration of the navy, that natural bulwark of this island, that made me jealous of its fame ; which I have fought to support, and which I shall ever study and labour to defend.

To Mr. *Garrick* I beg leave to address this comedy, as a testimony of my regard.

D R A -

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

FLIP, the Commodore,	Mr. MOODY,
MIZEN, a Maccaronie Captain,	Mr. DODD,
WORTHY, a Captain of the Navy,	Mr. JEFFERSON,
ROVEWELL, a Man of Fortune,	Mr. LA MASH,
Sir CHARLES PLEASANT, <i>Worthy's</i>	Mr. BRERETON,
Lieutenant, a Man of Quality,	
CRIBBIDGE, <i>Flip's</i> Lieutenant,	Mr. DAVIES,
EASY, a Lieutenant of Marines,	Mr. NORRIS.
INDENT, <i>Flip's</i> Purser,	Mr. GRIFFITH,
DERRICK, a Midshipman,	Mr. JACOBS,
COCKSWAIN, } Seamen,	Mr. WRIGHTEN,
HATCHWAY, }	Mr. BANNISTER.
BINNACLE, a Quarter-master,	Mr. WESTON.
Sailors, by Mr. <i>W. Palmer</i> , Mr. <i>Wright</i> , Mr. <i>Kear</i> , Mr. <i>Fawcett</i> .	

WOMEN.

DORCAS ZEAL, bred a Quaker,	Miss POPE.
ARABELLA ZEAL, her sister, bred a } church-woman,	Mrs. GREVILLE,
BELINDA, a woman of fortune,	Miss HOPKINS,
JENNY PRIVATE, } Courtisans.	Miss PLATT,
JILTUP, }	Mrs. BRADSHAW,
ADVOCATE, <i>Belinda's</i> maid,	Mrs. MILLIDGE,
Maid to <i>Arabella</i> ,	Mrs. SMITH.
Bar-maid,	Mrs. DAVIES.

SCENE, PORTSMOUTH.

THE

THE
FAIR QUAKER:

OR,
The Humours of the Navy.

A C T I.

SCENE, THE BEACH.

A barge just landed, the fleet at Spithead. Enter Capt. WORTHY, followed by a Midshipman, the Cockswain, and boat's crew.

WOR. **T**HUS far we run before the wind. This has been a successful trip! and I am happy to find myself once more on my native shore.—*(To the midshipman)* Mr. Derrick, you will be pleased to return on board, and tell the Lieutenant, I desire the sick may be immediately sent to the hospital; and order the purser to hurry off the fresh beef and water. Cockswain, there is something for the boat's-crew to drink; but mind that you all go off sober.

DER. Your orders, Sir, shall be punctually complied with. Come, heave a head, and man the barge.

SAR. I hope your honour will indulge us with half an hour, to drink your health in little *England*, and see after our girls.

WOR. Mr. Derrick, let them have half an hour aback of the Point; but no more: and mind you do not load the boat too deep with ladies; they are a heavy commodity!

B

SAR.

2 THE FAIR QUAKER: OR,

SAL. Fine ballast! my noble Commander, thanks to your honour—Huzza! huzza! [Exeunt Crew.

Enter ROVEWELL.

WOR. My dear Rovewell, I rejoice to see you!

ROVE. Welcome from sea, dear Worthy! how have you fared this voyage?

WOR. Why, faith, Rovewell, my voyage has not been attended with much pleasure; being confined to the barbarous company of my commodore, who is so positive, and so ignorant, that he is only fit company for the people of his own fore-castle; for to see him drink, and to hear his long stories, and his oaths, are punishments beyond any we can inflict on board: however, a good freight made amends for this.

ROVE. From Cales?

WOR. No; from Lisbon. The Spaniards have done with us; they want a few of our angry broadsides, to lower their arrogance—or they had never unhung the rudder of an English man of war.

ROVE. Come, Worthy, you are warm without considering the national interest: but what ships had you besides?

WOR. To make me compleatly wretched, we had Beau Mizen, in the Venus, a maccaronie sailer, which of all creatures is the most ridiculous and preposterous; less a man than a monkey, and not so much of a sailer as a miller:—but pr'ythee, what news at Portsmouth? how are the belles, the beauties, the angels?

ROVE. To be sure, they are the first things a tar thinks of.

WOR. Yes, and the last; and I never wish to think of any thing else: they are the honour and the blessing of this life.

ROVE. But we have other things, perhaps, good captain, that may draw your attention: his majesty means to honour his fleet with a visit, which is a high gratification to the mind of every officer; and, I am sure, to yours in particular.

WOR. Indeed, Rovewell, it is; and a circumstance long wished for; and the accomplishing of it will give great spirits and vivacity to the naval service, for the sailors of late have thought themselves rather neglected; and you will own, with the world in general, that they have as great a claim to the affections of their countrymen, as any of her servants: but no more of merits and services.—What weddings have you had? how are the dear girls, and who are likely to be married?

ROVE. Why, the virtuous dames you left, are still as proud and insolent as ever, and strictly support the dignity of dancing only with a captain;—a country gentleman, or an officer of the army, is as much lost and neglected at our assemblies, as an old tabby at the Coterie: but fornication and simple adultery still flourish; those things are no more at Portsmouth, than a how do you in other parts of the country.

WOR. Ay, Rovewell, the marine race are a debauched offspring;—Venus was their first mother,—and cat will after kind.

ROVE. But is it not strange, that those who face death so often, do not think of their immortal part?

WOR. No; it is our frequent interview with that grim gentleman which takes off the awe; for we tars look death in the face with as much impudence, as a Gosport strumpet does a new-rigg'd sailor:—but what news of the dear delightful Quaker?

ROVE. She is as proud and as beautiful as ever, and faith I believe as constant too; you'll not leave playing the fool with that spiritual creature, till she moors you in matrimony; ten thousand pounds, with beauty and virtue, is a prize of temptation; and worth cruising for.—I believe, Worthy, you would not hold a council of war, to determine whether or no you should engage such a frigate.

WOR. I hate councils of war; but do you really think I have interest in that dear creature?

ROVE. Had you as much with the first lord of the admiralty, you might have a broad pendant, and sail round

THE FAIR QUAKER : OR,

the world a dozen times—and bring home *the Queen of Otabeite*—she doats on you; and when it was reported you were kill'd, she sigh'd and wept bitterly.

WOR. I am impatient till I see the charmer! but how goes your affair with Belinda?

ROVE. Much like the affairs of the East-India company, with a very black aspect; we quarrel like man and wife, and call one another names like city patriots: she knows her power, and she makes me feel her prerogative; she keeps me always alarmed, as the king of Prussia does the Dutch, and uses me with more tyranny than the Pope does the Jesuits.

WOR. But I hope the severity of her persecution will not make you leave her kingdom.

ROVE. To support the simile, I am somewhat stubborn; but, rather than lose her cash, I'll be her convert.

WOR. But see, the Commodore!

Enter COMMODORE FLIP.

FLIP. Ha! Rovewell, what chear? what chear, my boy?

ROVE. Most noble Commodore! your humble servant.

FLIP. Noble! I wish I could heave the logg with all our sea nobility: I say the best officers that ever swam salt-water, had not a drop of nobility in them.

ROVE. Then you still value yourself on the roughness of your manners, and think the language of the fore-castle a necessary qualification for a sea captain and a gentleman?

FLIP. I value myself for not being a coxcomb, a macaronie captain, which is a new name for a sea-fop; and as for the gentleman, I know no man that is a gentleman,—or that can be one,—who has not been to sea, and is a sailor: but those sea-fops are only fit to seduce their brother officers wives, and if they are challenged for their villainy, you may beg and pray for a month, before you'll persuade them to draw their swords. It is such fellows as these, who fire into an enemy's ship that has struck;

struck ; who have their cabbins lined with green baize ; who carry cows to sea for milk to wash their hands with ; who banish peas-soup, pandoodles, and beef from their tables, and treat with amulet, blanc-manger, fricandeaux, ragous, fricassees, and syllabubs : but catch them yard-arm and yard-arm with a Frenchman, and down goes the colours. It was not so the last war, when Ned Boscawen would not permit De Clue to go on shore with both his legs.—He was the boy that spoilt their dancing !

WOR. But, good Commodore, suppose you do not like the new modes, why should you censure those that follow them ?

FLIP. Because I hate a fop ; it is impossible a fop can be a good sailor, and therefore I hate my Lieutenant : the fellow boasts that he does not know the name of one rope in the ship ; the puppy too lies in chicken-skin gloves to make his hands white, and washes them in almond paste.—Zounds ! Sir, such fribbles will bring the navy into disgrace, and fritter an English sailor below the feather and nothingness of a Frenchman. Here comes one of our salt-water beaux, of as many colours as a dressed ship : my niece Bridget would make a more manly captain ! do but observe the perfum'd puppy !

Enter MIZEN, and a SAILOR.

MIZ. Do you hear, tarpaulin ! go to the perfumers for the essence of the odour of roses, the violet powder, the scented pomatum, the bergamot, and the almond paste for my hands : carry the point ruffles to—

SAI. Aback of the Point, your honour ?

MIZ. No, you vulgar monster, to the millener's on the parade. [Exit Sailor.]

FLIP. Ho, ho, ho, ho, here's a sea captain for you !

MIZ. [*seeing the company*] Dear Rowewell, split me on a rock, if I am not transported at the sight of you !

FLIP. It would be well for the nation if such butterflies were transported to the colonies to be feathered and tarred : I wish you were my bowman, with a chopping sea from the south-east, I'd wet your feathers for you.

MIZ.

6 THE FAIR QUAKER: OR,

MIZ. Why, commodore, won't you permit a man to be clean? will nothing please you but what stinks of tar and tobacco?

FLIP. Tar and tobacco are sweeter than the excrements of a civet cat; but, talking to you, is like rowing against the wind and tide; so steer your own course. Friend Rovewell, shan't you and I crack a bottle before we sail?

ROVE. Where do you lodge?

FLIP. At the Spotted Dog.

MIZ. May my ship's anchors come home, if it is not an arrant bawdy-house! the husband's a bailiff; the wife's a bom-boat woman; and the daughters are cruizers for those who chuse to board them.

ROVE. I wonder, commodore, you did not prefer the Three Jolly Mariners, or The Fountain.

FLIP. No; all the fops go there: I had rather spring a leak than see a beau. As to its being a bawdy-house, that is no offence to me; for all ale-houses in sea-ports have been reckoned so, ever since I picked oakham. I suppose, brother Finical, you don't know what oakham is? nor what's the use of it?

MIZ. It would not be ill applied, to caulk up the seam of your mouth. But, do you think, commodore, because we gentlemen put on clean shirts every day, that we do not know our duty as well as those who wear their shirts till they are lousy? Do you think nastiness gives you a title to knowledge?

ROVE. Ay, as my friend Mizen says, because brutes are sailors, can none be sailors but brutes?

FLIP. I don't know what you mean by the word brute: but I can perceive that no animal is so ridiculous as a monkey, except his charming likeness, a beau.

MIZ. Did you never see a porpoise? he, he, he.—
(Laughs.)

FLIP. Yes, I have cockscorn, and what then? and struck an harpoon into him, as I would into you.

MIZ. Oh, dear marine-monster, be civil!

FLIP.

FLIP. Bullets and gunpowder! what do you mean? if the Admiralty did but know what a mermaid thou art—I should be knighted for cutting thy throat.

ROVE. O fie!—let's have no quarrelling.

MIZ. No;—no, the commodore knows my skill in fencing, and the nimble turn of my wrist, too well to quarrel with me.

FLIP. Put us in a saw-pit together, with two lighted matches and a barrel of gunpowder, and try if I don't singe thy curls for thee!—Egad, I would make thy finery hang about thee like a parcel of cut rigging after an engagement.—Zounds! now-a-days there is no such thing as a real English tar: every midshipman is above his duty; and if his superior officer gives him a difficult piece of business, or speaks to him for not keeping the deck, he cries out with this fop of a captain, Damn me, Sir, I am a gentleman, and I wear a sword! Since the wind hangs so long in the nonsensical quarter, there is no hope of bringing folly to an anchor: so, Mizzen, in hopes that you'll take in more ballast, to prevent your being overfet, I'll pray by the half-minute-glass for your reformation; so fare you well; and I'll bear up to leeward.

[Exit Flip.]

ALL. Commodore, your humble servant.

MIZ. He is a perfect sea-monster: split me on a rock, if he did not spoil me a blue damask'd sofa, and a fine Turkey carpet, with spitting tobacco.

ROVE. Sofa! why surely you carry no such furniture in men of war?

MIZ. Why, Rovewell, my great cabin is furnished as elegant as any thing Cornellys has produced; it is lined with green cloth, and covered with the best carpets; I have girandole-glasses, and the best pictures of Venus and Adonis; and a forte piano also; on which, and the guittar, I pass my hours at sea.

ROVE. A guittar! ye divinities! I begin to agree with the commodore, that the service is in danger, when sea captains thrum the guittar: I should have as soon suspected your forecastle-men danced cotillons.

WOR.

8 THE FAIR QUAKER: OR,

WOR. O, Sir! Mizen is as great an extreme of absurdity as the commodore; he has two visiting days a week, one for sea lieutenants, the other for marine officers; and all his manœuvres are by music.

MIZ. Yes, Sir, I have a salt-sea levee, as crouded as the admiral's. Barges, pinnaces, yawls, and long-boats, without number, serve for coaches, chariots, and chairs.

ROVE. Who visits you in long-boats?

MIZ. Russian admirals, who are as clumsy as their bears: may I never drink any thing but bilgewater for my future life, if I would not sink one of their stoutest ships before they got their boots off.

ROVE. But how, captain Mizen, do you contrive to work your ship by music?

MIZ. 'Tis the easiest and most eligible matter imaginable. I took the hint from that musical old sailor Mr. Arion, who charmed a dolphin to carry him to shore. I weigh my anchor to *Nancy Dawson's hornpipe*; hoist my topsails to the *Bellisle March*; exercise my great guns to *Voi Amanti*; hawl cat to, *O the Cruel Tyrant Love*; veer away to *Shelen-a-gigg*; and give chase to, *Say, little foolish fluttering thing*.

WOR. It is even so; and what with flutes, guitars, and fiddles, I fear our sailors will become mere Italians.

ROVE. I could not have believed this of an English sailor.

MIZ. May I be keel-hawled, if any man has reformed the navy more than myself; I am now compiling a book for refining the sea-language. I leave out your larboard and starboard, swabbs, hawsars, shank painters, and buntlines: I have no such thing as hawl-fish, nor belay; words fit for Dutchmen. I put fine, soft speeches into the mariners mouths, derived from the *manliness* of the Italian, and the *sweetness* of the French: and by the time I have a flag (which shall not be called *bunting*) I doubt not of bringing every sailor in the navy to be more polite than our country members of parliament. I shall move them from Wapping to Marybone; and
from

from the Hungerford coffee-house and Will's, to White's, the Cocoa, and Coterie.

Enter a Servant with a letter.

SERV. Pray which is captain Worthy?

WOR. Friend, I am he.

SERV. Here's a letter for you.

WOR. Ha! Dorcas Zeal! oh let me kiss the hand ten thousand times.

ROVE. How keen a sportsman a long voyage makes a sailor!

WOR. [Reads.] *Friend Worthy, if thou hast not forgot thy old acquaintance, give but thyself the trouble of coming to the parade, where thou hast often vented thy vows of sincerity; and thou wilt most assuredly find thine,*

Dorcas Zeal.

Heark'ee; let the lady know I'll wait on her instantly.

MIZ. So, brother, I find you have an intrigue already; I suppose I shan't be much behind-hand with you, for I expect a billet-doux from a ten thousand pounder.

ROVE. Prith'ee who is she?

MIZ. Why, she's a Quaker: an intimate acquaintance of mine has promised me his assistance in stealing her for me.

WOR. Death and hell! this is my angel!

ROVE. Patience! man.

MIZ. Now you must know, if we once get her upon the beach, I whip her into my boat, carry her on board, marry her, lie with her, then come ashore and demand her fortune; and, after that, you know, if I don't like her, 'tis but heaving her out of the cabin-window, and give out she was a little light-headed, and so jump'd over-board. Well, dear gentlemen, I must go and see about this business; for such a fortune is not to be neglected—Dear Worthy, adieu!—Cut and run, is the word—beauty is the chace—passion's the gale—and love shall steer the Venus. [Exit Mizzen.]

WOR. Blood and fire, what a discovery's here!

C

ROVE.

10 THE FAIR QUAKER: OR,

ROVE. Why truly it was a lucky one: I have a merry thought come into my head; there's a quondam friend of yours and mine, who in our sinful days was very obliging to us.

WOR. What, Jenny Private?

ROVE. The same.

WOR. Alas, poor frailty! that once fair pleasure-boat begins to lower her sails, wears out in her hull, and sinks both in her price and her fame.

ROVE. Now, for that very reason, a sudden charitable design is got into this fruitful noddle, of putting off this very creature to Mizen for a wife; a just punishment upon him for his barbarous designs upon thy Dorcas.

WOR. Nay, but thanks to heaven, we have discovered the villainy; and I'll instantly to my Dorcas, and give her that due caution as shall blow up his whole conspiracy; and therefore mix a little mercy with thy justice.

ROV. No, I'll not carry on the jest so cruelly as to undo the poor dog neither: I'll mortify him a little, but not ruin him entirely.

WOR. I'll instantly then to my dear Dorcas, and make her our confident in the business: about an hour hence I'll meet you at the Parade coffee-house, and have a sneaker of punch: and afterwards spend our evening with the women; I'll send Dorcas to see Belinda, and there shall be the rendezvous. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E, *a* CHAMBER.

Enter DORCAS ZEAL, *and* ARABELLA.

ARA. Why, sister, do you ever think to secure Wor-
thy to yourself with that senseless religion of yours?
he'll certainly laugh at the pleats and folds of your sarfe-
net hood, and the diminutive air of your flat cap.

DOR. Why look thee, Arabella, my religion and
dress may seem strange unto thee, because thou art of
the

the church belonging to the wicked ; but I tell unto thee, Worthy loveth me so much, that I have hopes of drawing him to be one of the pure ones. It is true, thou art a facetious young creature ; and the education my aunt hath given thee, maketh thy thoughts run much upon the vanity of this world ; and I suppose the fortune my father left thee, will be thrown into the arms of one of the lewd pillars of thy steeple-house.

ARA. Look'ee, I'll have no reflections upon establishments. Liberty of conscience gives you no title to rail. I find you are resolved to persist in your whining faith ; it is one stubborn article of your cant : but I am well assured Worthy will force you to church.

DOR. I pray thee, none of this vain raillery before Worthy, if thou hast any expectation of my living in sisterly love and charity with thee.

ARA. Oh, you should have snuffed that thro' the nose. In short, I'll always tease you ; you that have sense and beauty, thus to deform those heavenly graces, it makes me mad. If all the kind bewitching airs, the tender looks, and compassionate words that women can invent, will draw Worthy's love from you, I'll use them, and triumph in the conquest.

DOR. Poor vain creature ! thou art handsome, it's true ; but thou hast not the virtues of the mind to ensnare him with. But see, he comes ; forbear thy follies, I say forbear.

Enter WORTHY.

WOR. [*Embraces.*] This is a reward for all my labours ; the fatigues of a hundred voyages are forgot whilst I am in these arms.

DOR. Be not vain ; flatter not ; 'tis base, 'tis mean.

WOR. Dear charmer, I am all ecstasy !

ARA. So much so, that, methinks, you have forgot your friends, good captain.

WOR. Pardon me, madam, (*Salutes her*) some of my ecstasies are due to you ; for the love I have to this lady makes me admire all her relations.

12 THE FAIR QUAKER: OR,

ARA. Ay, wheedle her out of what she has; get her money, then use her like a wife, go off to France, spend her fortune on some French countesses, and compound with her for a maintenance.

DOR. Sister, to shew thee that I think it is impossible for thee to pervert the principles of my friend Worthy, I now commit myself into his hands.

WOR. Which blessing I receive with all the joy imaginable: this is a reward indeed for all my services.

DOR. Take to thyself my hand, and thus I plight it with my faith. Now, sister, your threatening words are vain, for all your looks and sighs can never take him from me.

ARA. Ha, ha, ha; you see, Worthy, I have done the work for you, reconciled even contradiction itself, made the flesh and the spirit unite, and joined an unfancified brother of the wicked, to a sanctified sister of the godly ones.

DOR. Fie, sister, do not triumph in my weakness.

ARA. Thy weakness! no, thy shame; with all thy boasted sanctity, to own before my face a carnal inclination! nay, and to put thy hand to pen and paper to court him to thy arms! out on thee! I am ashamed of thee!

DOR. Nay, now thou art scurrilous! I cannot bear this; thou raisest all the blood into my cheeks. Stay thou, dear Worthy, and rebuke her for it, whilst I retire a while to recover my confusion, and then I'll see thee again. [Exit Dor.]

WOR. Fie, Arabella, could you have the heart to treat that innocent thing so roughly? Nay, by heavens, I'm amazed! I cannot guess the meaning of all this.

ARA. Fie, stupid Worthy, can't you apprehend the reason why I study to make a breach betwixt my sister and yourself?

WOR. It is all a mystery to me.

ARA. Spare a virgin's blushes, and let your apprehension tell you what my trembling tongue is loth to utter.

WOR.

WOR. Fine heroics, truly! I am too well acquainted with your manner of bantering, to take notice of any thing you say; yet it would divert me, had not my charming Quaker's last dear words wrapt up my soul to a diviner contemplation.

ARA. Must I then say I love, and be refused? Consider, my fortune's equal to my sister's; my face and my religion too, I think, may vie with hers.

WOR. Your words are spoke with a sound of truth; and, were I not engaged by a thousand oaths, I should have manlike vanity enough to think what you say real.

ARA. The inequality of the match between you, soon absolves you from such empty vows: I own, I long have loved; and, before your last voyage intended to discover it to you, but you unexpectedly failed. I never believed you had a real passion for my sister, her religion and her principles being so averse to yours.

WOR. Madam, I know my own unworthiness too well to believe you are in earnest; but were it so, my honour tells me I must not be so base as to wrong your sister. The resolution she has made will soon be void, when I tell her your romantic story, which, though I don't believe, I'll strive to make her do it. Pardon my absence, dear madam, for I'm impatient until I undeceive her.

[Exit.]

ARA. And is my youth, my beauty, and my fortune thus despised! By heavens, I hate him now; and am resolved to muster up all the spirit of my sex to meditate revenge: the plots of plays, and the designs of injured lovers, I'll instantly peruse, and make them all my own.

[Exit.]

SCENE, *another CHAMBER:*

Enter DORCAS, WORTHY following.

WOR. By all my honour and my love, it is true; nay more, she loved, and said she had long.

DOR.

14 THE FAIR QUAKER: OR,

DOR. Nay, then I am convinced her falshood's great ; I ne'er expressed a satisfaction for thee but still she strove to cool my friendship, by strange stories of thy inconstancy and unfaithfulness ; which I must own I ne'er believed.

WOR. Kind creature ! since, by envious ways, she strives to break the cords of our united hearts, let us instantly put it out of hers and fortune's power.

DOR. To-morrow then I will be thine ; according to the foolish custom of thy church the priest shall join our hands.

WOR. Then I am compleatly blessed ! Now I must tell you I have discovered a most villainous design against your person.

DOR. As how !

WOR. This day you were to have been stolen by a nauseous coxcomb of the navy ; it was luckily discovered by Rowell and myself, who hope to counterplot their design, so far as to punish the vain fop's intentions : If you meet us about two hours hence at Belinda's, you then shall know the whole story.

DOR. I had thoughts of spending this evening with her ; I'll to her instantly, for she is so much my friend that she will be overjoyed thou art arrived. But I think I will not mention the vileness of my sister, lest she become a laughing-stock unto the whole town.

WOR. Do as you think fit in that : Adieu, my soul !

DOR. Fare thee well. [Exeunt.

ACT

A C T II.

SCENE, a STREET.

Enter HATCHWAY, with a blue cockade, and a Sailor.

SAIL. **O**H, Jack Hatchway, have I found you; tip us your daddle; yonder's the commodore, captain, and first lieutenant, swearing and storming as if the ship was on shore: his majesty is to be down to-day, and the ship is to be turned keel out to receive him;—every man is to have double allowance of grogg;—the fleet is mooring in a line, the guns are loading, man ropes are clapping on the yards, and all will be flip and fun.

HATCH. Ay, so I suppose;—we shall flip it so much to-day, that half of us will be in irons to-morrow.

SAIL. Who would not take a dozen at the gang-way in honour of his king? besides, we shall have girls at his charge!

HATCH. And so get into the doctor's list. If his majesty, God bless him, would caulk our leaks up, I might venture to set top-gallant sails; but if I get bowzy I am saucy, and then the commodore pays my reckoning with a cat-of-nine-tails; I wish that same cat was bestowed on some great knaves, as well as on us poor failors.

SAIL. And so do I; but heave a head; for if the commodore misses us, you'll not be able to come within a cable's length of him this day.

HATCH. True, boy, so bear a hand, and a good passage to his majesty. *(going.)*

SAIL. But hip, Jack! what have you hoisted the little pendant of liberty for?

HATCH. Why—as how to tell you, Dick Rattling, all we quarter-gunners who row in the barge were married this day, in honour of his majesty!

SAIL.

16 THE FAIR QUAKER: OR,

SAL. Married!—this is a breeze with a devil a stern of it.

HATCH. Strike me into a gin-shop, and draw me out by half-quarters, if it is not true: and so we threw out this signal of freedom, that when our girls are on board of other ships they may know us when we come into port. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

Enter Sir CHARLES PLEASANT and CRIBBIDGE.

PLEA. So, Flip is still the subject that you grumble at; come, the old fellow has some good qualities; he'll sooner singe the beard of an enemy, than fire a league a stern of him:—we must have smooth yarns and rough yarns; were we all like that fop Mizen, The Britannia would be only fit for a dancing school: and mercers and linen drapers 'prentices would do as well at sea as ourselves.

CRIB. Well hove, Sir Charles; so say I.

PLEA. But, what have you hoisted your colours half staff for; a dead father and a fortune?

CRIB. A dead father, Sir, but not a light guinea. But now for a sneaker of punch at The Blue Posts, to welcome the king's arrival; and we will convince his majesty, when he is amongst us, that he is truly on his throne.—Avast, here comes Dick Binnacle, the commodore's quarter-master; a dry comical brave little fellow, that cracks more jokes with him than all the ship's company besides.

Enter DICK BINNACLE.

BIN. Pray, Mr. Lieutenant Cribbidge, did you see as how, our purser?

CRIB. Yes, Dick, he is at The Blue Posts.

BIN. Won't you steer that way too? the commodore's there, drinking as much as would float the long-boat;

boat; he desired me to send all hands to The Blue Postesses, to drink his majesty's health.

CRIB. Yes, Dick, we are bound for the tippie; but how came you, boy, by that wound? did some cruiser run athwart your cut-water?—what the devil's that on your face?

BIN. Yes, I had a mind to be a little frolicksome last night on the Point;—so I bore away for the Grid-iron, with our taylor; when, just opposite The Blue Postesses, we were attacked by four privateers;—we went at it ding-dong, yard-arm and yard-arm; but master Thimble soon sheared off: however, I laid my shot well in, double and round, when the enemy broke their line. I charged them under the lee of a bawdy-house, and boarded two; but, as I was seizing one of them by the nape of the neck (thinking the coward would not fire again after he had hawled down his colours) he up'r with an hanger, and gave me this confusion across my bolt-sprit; however, he is spliced and woolded; and the doctor says, that I shall be able to carry sail upon him as well as ever:—but, however, master Cribbidge, these claret-leaks don't suit with my temper; to be sure, I bled like a stuck-pig, and the brims laughed to see the scuppers of my nose vent so well.

PLEA. You must persuade the commodore to grant you a smart ticket, Dick.

BIN. Yes, he will allow me plenty of smart, but no ticket; no, I never catched him at one of these tricks yet; he'll sooner give a man a dozen at the gang-way. But I must bear a hand, or he will roar like the Wolf Rock with a south gale; I dare say by this time that he blows like a grampus, and rolls like a Dutch fly-boat before the wind. Ah, master Cribbidge, now if I could get the king to give me my discharge, I'd dance two and thirty steps on the head of a scupper nail.

CRIB. Try, Binnacle; his majesty is a generous prince, and loves a tar: but what would you do? where would you steer?

BIN. I'd marry.

PLEA. Marry!

D

BIN.

BIN. Yes, I'd marry as tight a little smack as ever shook a cloth in the wind; and then blow low, blow high, I'd moor in a white limed chamber, and comfort my Dolly with the histories of all my dead messmates. Why, master Cribbidge, man and boy, I've served the king thirty years: and now the shrouds of health, and the bob-stay of strength begin to slacken; and I am informed that nothing but a young wife and spring water-creffes will set up my rigging again. However, with your leave, master Cribbidge, I'll heave a petition in to his majesty's honour and glory;—but not a word of this to the commodore, for, if he knows my designment, he'll lay an anchor to wind-ward of me, and then I shall be more hampered than a fly in a tar bucket.

CRIB. But, Binnacle, thou hast told me, boy, of thy intentions of taking thy landtacks on board: but hast thou thought how thou art to live? where's the rhino to come from?

BIN. I never thought of that, please your honour: Avaft, lieutenant! that requires some small consideration;—why, master, I am about to think, that when my pay is gone end for end, that Greenwich Hospital will stow my cagg.

CRIB. But what's to become of thy wife then?

BIN. Why, mayhaps we shall be tired of one another by that time, for I have a monstrous turn towards variety; and I believe Dolly's fond of full allowance and fresh provision. But I must spring my luff and discern the purser, for the commodore will give me a chace gun else: well, lieutenant, I shall make report of your bearing down to The Blue Postesses. [Exit BIN.]

CRIB. You may, quarter-master. Is not this fellow an oddity? he is a favorite of Flip's, who gives him more cannas and good words, though he says more dry severe things to him than all the ship's company together; but come, let us join the council of Neptune, for we must be merry upon this visit of our king.—This will be the tennis ball of service, and every heart will rebound with joy.

[Exeunt.]

Enter

Enter ROVEWELL, meeting WORTHY.

ROVE. So, dear Worthy, once more well met; have you acquainted your little Quaker with our design?

WOR. Part of it.

ROVE. As how?

WOR. I'll tell you at the tavern: but have you engaged Jenny?

ROVE. Oh, as you could wish: the jade is as overjoyed as a dean at the death of a bishop: and to make our story good, I have invited Mizzen, and have ordered her to write to him. Will Dorcas meet us at Belinda's?

WOR. She will.

ROVE. Come on then.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *the Bar at The Blue Posts, Drawers, &c.*
Bar-Maid.

Enter Sir CHARLES PLEASANT and CRIBBIDGE.

PLEA. What! does my pretty bar-maid keep her beauty still? I know thou art virtuous, because the bloom of the plum is not worn off yet.

BAR. Thanks to my own honesty if I am so then, for here's rakish lieutenants enough come here to debauch all the young virgins in the country, if they had but money; but the government keeps them poor, or we should have a wretched life with them.

CRIB. Then nothing but money is able to seduce you; pr'ythee how great a sum will fit you?

BAR. Not your eighteen months pay, added to the pinch of your hat, and dangling of your cane.

PLEA. Well said, Nanny; kiss me, and tell him you are meat for his master.

BAR. Psha, I wonder at you; [*Kisses her*] you are all alike for that.

D 2

CRIB.

20 THE FAIR QUAKER: OR,

CRIB. Fye, Sir Charles, why did you kifs her? you see she likes it not! come, my dear, I'll take it off again. *[Kisses her.]*

BAR. Oh, intolerable! I'll ne'er complain of a fool again, for fear of being plagued with a worse;—shew a room there.

DRAW. Sir, if you please, purser Indent is this way.

[They follow, Exeunt.]

Enter MIZEN.

MIZ. Thou divine pretty bud of beauty! one always finds you in your cabbin, marking your log-board.

BAR. If every body would but mind their own business, I might sit still here; but we have so many horning monsters of the navy use our house, that one had better be a miss, and ply on the Point, than be plagued with them.

MIZ. Well, you shall see in a few months, how the navy will be reformed; all the sea-officers will be so full of manners that they shall look like a parcel of maccaronies at The Pantheon and Polygon.

Enter ROVEWELL and WORTHY.

WOR. Ha! brother tar, what so close, and in public too! If you take this freedom in the eye of the world, what would you do in private?

BAR. I don't know what he may do in private; but I hope you don't suspect me, captain.

WOR. Not in the least, dear Nanny; thy known virtue and prudent management are somewhat above the censure of the world.

BAR. Oh, your servant, Sir.

ROVE. It is a strange thing to see how vice loves to be flattered! There's scarce a girl in town, be she never so notorious, but would fain be thought virtuous.

BAR. I never expect your good word, Mr. Rowewell; I have denied you the favour too often.

ROVE.

ROVE. Why, I may have asked you the question when drunk; but, assure yourself, I repented of it when sober.

BAR. Lord, you need not be angry with yourself for it: I have denied several admirals, commodores, and captains.

ROVE. And at the same time have taken up with their cookswains.

BAR. Sir, you grow scurrilous.—Waiter, shew The Ship there.

WOR. Mind him not, he's a splenetic fellow;—has my lieutenant, Sir Charles Pleasant, been here?

BAR. He is now in the house with lieutenant Cribbidge, Easy, and purser Indent.

WOR. Come, we'll join companies; they are all honest fellows.

MIZ. With all my heart; if they are brutish, I'll try to reform them, with my new instructions for sea-manners and ceremonies.

DRAW. This way, gentlemen. *[Exeunt.]*

2 DRAW. A sneaker of punch in The Dolphin.

3 DRAW. Two packs of cards for the gun-room; a can of small beer, a quart of brandy, and a pound of sugar, in the kitchen, for flip.

4 DRAW. A box of dice for The Mermaid.

1 DRAW. Make the great bowl full for the gentlemen in The Orlop.

BAR. So, it begins to work in each room, and I must be plagued this whole night. *[Scene shuts.]*

SCENE, a CHAMBER.

Enter BELINDA and ADVOCATE.

BEL. I used to be troubled with the impertinent visits of Rovewell three or four times a day: pr'ythee, Advocate, what is become of the coxcomb?

ADVO.

ADVO. Oh, madam, the Newfoundland fleet is come in; and Captain Worthy, his old acquaintance, is on shore.—They are inseparable friends.

BEL. Why then I hate him: for if he won't sacrifice his all to my humour, I'll ne'er part with the freedom I enjoy, to be that dull insipid thing a wife, to please his humour.

ADVO. Well, madam, you play with him as a cat plays with a mouse: you fret and tease him till he'll get away from you at last.

BEL. Impertinent creature! do you think I value the loss of a fellow? the red, the blue, and the white flags die for me.

ADVO. Ay, madam, they are married men; but have you a gentleman, whose sense, whose reputation, whose courage, is to be named in a day, with that charming man's, Mr. Rovewell?

BEL. How insipidly the fool talks! If a fellow without a nose should bribe thee as much as Rovewell has done, you would say as much in his behalf.

ADVO. Why, madam, there are no posts without perquisites; since you ladies have found out the way of trucking your old cloaths for china (which was our due time out of mind), I hope you'll pardon us for trucking your hearts away for a much brittler ware.

BEL. Ay, Advocate, I should like that brittle ware, a husband, well enough, if one could but break him, or give him away, as one does china.

ADVO. Oh, madam, it is easy to break his heart; and if you don't do it effectually whene'er you marry, I'll be content to die a chambermaid. But see, madam, the fair Quaker is come to visit you.

Enter DORCAS.

DOR. Friend Belinda, I am come resolved to chat away the evening with thee.

BEL. My pretty saint, thou art welcome. I need not ask you how Worthy does? I see it in your eyes; the demure

demure aspect is vanished, and you begin to look like one of us.

DOR. Why, I am flesh and blood as well as thou art; and did not my spirit get the better of my clay, I should be vain as thou art.

BEL. Come, leave canting, and tell me where is Arabella?

DOR. Why, I left her at home, not well; but may be she may see us anon.—Know, friend Belinda, that I have at last got faith enough to put my trust in man: Worthy and I have plighted troths.

BEL. Why then the flesh has got the better of the spirit.

DOR. If thou wouldst prove a friend indeed, thou wouldst give thyself over unto Rovewell.

BEL. So, because you have done a foolish thing, I must keep you in countenance; no, truly, I'll be confined to none of your fellows.

DOR. Come, dissemble not, you know the man is assuredly thy own.

BEL. Why, is it not better to say the fellow's mine, than I his?

DOR. For thee it may be better; but what thinkest thou the world will say?

BEL. Why, not worse of me than I say of the world. But, to keep thee no longer in suspense, I won't make a vow of chastity, nor will I forswear having the fellow Rovewell: I don't know but, one time or another, when I am in a very maggoty humour, I may marry the creature. Come into my closet, and I'll tell thee more of my mind.

[*Exeunt.*]

ADVO. It is impossible to tell whether this mistress of mine will ever have Rovewell or not; but, since he pays me well, I'll teaze and wheedle in his behalf. It shews a wonderful folly in mankind, to whine and snivel after these coy peevish things; for if they would lay aside their sighs and tears, and attack us briskly and boldly, they would carry all before them: the Irish gentlemen, our greatest favourites, have no other receipt.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE,

SCENE, *another* CHAMBER.*Enter* JENNY PRIVATE, *and a Sailor.*

JEN. So, I think I am equipped like one of the righteous; I am overjoyed at the intrigue, and shall be pleased to see myself a real captain's lady; I am sure I have been a sham one to many of them. Let me see, my letter is penned in a true canting form: my name is Dorcas Zeal, and my fortune ten thousand pounds. Well, if I do not act the babe of grace, the formal quaking saint, with as much outside sanctity as a new-entered nun, or an old mother abbess, may I miscarry in the business! Here, sailor, carry this to Captain Mizen; then follow Captain Worthy's orders.

SAIL. Yes, my blossom of colley-flower, I'll hand it to him, and then look out sharp.

JEN. Now to the place of rendezvous.

*And there, with look demure, I'll pass for saint;
No such fair colour as religious paint.* [Exit.

SCENE *draws, and discovers* ROVEWELL, WORTHY, MIZEN, SIR CHARLES PLEASANT, CRIBBIDGE, EASY, *and Purser* INDENT.—*A Bowl of Punch.*

ROVE. Come, his majesty's health in a bumper.

WOR. And may all his subjects be as true friends to him as we are! Now we have done our first duty, come let us hear this song, Mizen, which is to put the navy upon a genteel footing. Chant away, my boy; I believe nobody but Mizen could ever think of sol-faing sailors into fine gentlemen.

SONG:

S O N G.

MIZEN.

*Hear me, gentle sailors, hear me,
When my duty calls away;
Nothing then, my boys, shall steer me,
But the fashions and my pay.*

*Vulgar terms, and vulgar sayings,
Shall be plung'd into the main;
No hawl-cat, and no belayings,
Shall my gentle manners stain.*

*All shall then be puff and powder,
Smart lappels, and well-dress'd hair;
Nothing than a whisper louder,
Shall denote to tack and wear.*

*Would our chiefs attend the nation,
And correct the vicious great;
We might hope a reformation,
In the kingdom and the fleet.*

MIZ. May they all take as much pains to put his affairs, civil and military, into as good order as I do! And may I be hoisted over the ship's side with a running bowling knot under my left ear, if I don't make his navy one of the greatest navies in the universe!

PLEA. Why, Sir, it is that already.

MIZ. Ay, but, Sir Charles, I don't mean a fighting navy, for that is the least part of our business: I am for a polite navy—that is, a navy full of sense and good manners; a navy of proper, handsome, well-drest fellows; that, when it appears abroad, may be the wonder of the world, as it most certainly will be—if the monsters have as much bend in their backs as a figure-head, or are as stiff as old Neptune with his trident, [*imitating.*]

—Be what they will, my new uniform will hide their backs, if they are hogged like a French man of war.

INDENT. Ah! Is this new uniform yours, Captain Mizen?

MIZ. Yes—I dressed it, dem me, mounted the button holes, and plaunched it at Ranelagh—and the last marine-visitation, when every anchor on the buttons hooked a sea-port Nereid.

CRIB. But it is a foul anchor, Mizen, which exposes your seamanship.

MIZ. No, no; I did it for the purpose to learn our young sailors on shore to keep a clear anchor—by way of qualifying them for lieutenants.

INDENT. Mighty confederate!—I wish you would remember other branches of service.

MIZ. I have remembered the pursers, and got them a button with the figure of that old stranger Justice and her equal scales. I believe, Indent, that will do!—Besides, every fellow in the fleet shall be powdered.

EASY. So, then, Sir, you are for saluting away the king's powder!

CRIB. No; he is for turning the gun-powder into violet-powder, and the iron-balls into wash-balls.

MIZ. Well, gentlemen, you'll have no cause to complain of my design; for, before I laid it before the House of Commons, I'd get an order from the admiralty to send all the tar-captains to the East-Indies.

EASY. What then, Sir?

MIZ. Why then, Sir, they would lay down their commissions; and so the navy would be rid of them.

CRIB. That last intention I like wonderfully; then we young fellows might have hopes of jumping into preferment.

ROVE. But, Mizen, I have been thinking, if the old captains will not go to the Indies; pray, who shall we get to go?

MIZ. Why, these young fellows.

PLEA. Ay, with all our hearts, faith: but suppose the lot should fall upon yourself, captain?

MIZ.

MIZ. Oh, there is no fear of that; I know where to fix a present to somebody, that shall be nameless, to keep me off the list.

WOR. Indeed, that is prudent management: I know men of the party, who quit when they are nominated; but soon after, by the help of friends, they get better ships.

MIZ. You may think it friendship, if you please: but there is nothing done in this world without money.

Enter a SAILOR.

SAI. Is captain Mizen here?

MIZ. I am he, friend; what want you, Sir?

SAI. Why, here is a ticket for you.

MIZ. Ha!—Dorcas Zeal! oh ecstasy! oh transport!
[Reads] *Friend, I am informed thou hast a liking to my person; my neighbour hath informed me thou art a sober good man. I am now walking towards The Parade, where, if thy pretensions are sincere, we will consult about the matter thy friend spoke to me of this day. I should not be thus free with thee, had it not chanced, that passing by me, at the first landing, I beheld thy comely person; and liked it; and therefore use this plainness with thee, as becometh a sister of that congregation that hateth ceremonies. Be secret: for Worthy is thy rival, but his pretensions will prove vain; for my heart is thine.*

DORCAS ZEAL.

MIZ. Oh, thou dear creature!—But hush! no transports before a rival: poor Worthy, how thy weak foundation totters! How sneakingly would the poor mortal look, if he saw this letter! Well, Dorcas has seen me, and I have shot her with a side glance. What a refined creature is a sweet beau to a homely coarse tar; to carry off the prize at one single attack, which that dull rogue has been laying a whole year's siege to! But come, gentlemen, about with the glafs. Here, Worthy, here is thy mistress's health.

WOR. I thank you, Sir.

E 2

MIZ.

28 THE FAIR QUAKER: OR,

MIZ. Nay, don't think I drink to an unknown fair : here is honest Rovewell has made me a small piece of a confident in thy amour. Well, old boy, when the consummation day comes with thy sanctified bride, I'll make one at throwing the profane stocking—and so to her health. *[Drinks.]*

ROVE. Here is a dog ! *[aside.]*

WOR. Well, Mizen, to resume thy compliment, when that happy day does come, I'll bespeak thee for a bride-man.

MIZ. Nay, that will be too great an honour. But cry ye mercy, gentlemen : I have a small affair to dispatch ; I must be forced to borrow myself from your company ; but, upon my honour, I'll return again in a very few moments—adieu, dear boys. *[Exit.]*

WOR. Ha, ha, ha ! the rogue swallows the bait as we could wish.

PLEA. What, some ridiculous intrigue on foot : pray let us join with you in your mirth.

CRIB. Nothing diverts me so much as using a coxcomb according to his deserts.

EASY. And so exquisite a coxcomb as this cannot be used too ill.

ROVE. Why, the design is pretty severe ; he is gone to marry Jenny Private, an old quondam punk.

INDENT. This will be a noble revenge for his impertinence : oh, lieutenant ! would we could clap such a trick upon our brute of a commodore !

ROVE. Ah, that may be done ; I have just such another blind bargain for him too.

WOR. Come, to your good success : the marrying these two coxcombs may provoke them to hang themselves, which will be a meritorious service to the navy.

PLEA. Oh, for a vacancy, that dear delight to us young fellows : ha, Cribbidge !

ROVE. So, the bowl sucks ; empty is the word.

INDENT. Pray, gentlemen, give me leave to pay for this bowl.

ALL. Oh, by no means, purser.

INDENT.

INDENT. Pray, gentlemen, let it be so; come, captain Worthy, I may be your purser one time or another.

WOR. Why, if you should, it would not be much to to your advantage; for I never allow my purser to oppress the men; nor will I keep a whole ship's crew miserable to make one man rich.

INDENT. I do not desire that, Sir.

ROVE. Come, Worthy, we must away; Sir Charles, your company is desired too: we must spend this evening at Belinda's. But stay, Cribbage; I must have one private whisper with thee by the way; Revenge is the word, and I must engage thee in the plot.

CRIB. Ay, most willingly, in such a cause.

ROVE. If we succeed in this farce, it will be a most noble revenge; and they may celebrate their nuptials on the king's embarkation, when great guns will roar in abundance.

A C T III.

SCENE, *the BEACH.*

Enter JENNY PRIVATE.

JEN. **S**URE the failor has mistook, and given my letter to a wrong person; my heart goes pit-a-pat, for fear I should not succeed. But see, he comes!

Enter MIZEN.

MIZ. So, that must be my Quaker, by her sanctified air — madam! madam!

JEN. Would you aught with me, friend?

MIZ. Only to desire the favour of you to give me leave to throw myself at your feet; my name is Mizen,
I came

I came hither by appointment from your fair hands.—
She is very beautiful ! board me else. *[aside.]*

JEN. If thy sincerity is answerable to the character my friend hath given me of thee, I am content, according to his desire, to be thy help-mate.

MIZ. Oh, my charmer ! I have been long sighing and wishing for this opportunity, and hope you'll now give me leave to make the best of my time.

JEN. Wilt thou change thy vain religion then ? wilt thou stand fast to the faith ? in perseverance, wilt thou come over to the congregation of the upright ? wilt thou put off these gaudy cloaths, this vanity of vanities ?

MIZ. Yes, verily, I will put off my gaudiness, I will strip myself to the nakedness of the spirit.

JEN. Why then thou hast overcome me, and verily I will be thine in a few months.

MIZ. Oh, thou lovely lamb, set not so terrible a time ; the spirit moveth me to make thee flesh of my flesh, and bone of my bone, before the sun shineth again.

JEN. I have some fears upon me, that thy eagerness to my person, may proceed from a desire thou hast to my money.

MIZ. Why, I say, thy fears are uncharitable ; for hadst thou nothing, nor that neither, my zeal would be as much for thee as it is now.

JEN. Then I am satisfied ; and, accordingly, here is my hand.

MIZ. Why, I am transported to the highest ecstasies ! Look'ee, my boat waiteth on the beach for me : if thy yearnings are as great as mine are to thee, thou wilt venture thyself upon the deep along with me. I have on board my ship a man called a chaplain ; which, according to our establishment, will link us together. Turn my keel out, if ever I carried on an intrigue better in my life. *[aside.]*

JEN. Well, thou art a powerful man ; and I submit myself unto thee : but can help thee to one of thy priests ashore. Admirably well managed ! *[aside.]*

MIZ.

MIZ. Come, my spirit, my light, my light of my light; thou art not the light of the sun, nor yet of the moon, nor of the stars; but thou art all the lights in one; and—humph—let us go then.

[*Exeunt, hugging her.*]

Enter ROVEWELL, WORTHY, and Sir CHARLES PLEASANT.

WOR. So, off goes the boat, and there is a punk provided for.

PLEA. Merry be his heart!—this will put such a damp upon his undertakings, that we shall be troubled no more with his nonsensical whimsies about reforming and dressing the navy.

ROVE. I wish all our friends were as well provided for as Jenny.

WOR. Why, faith, so do I.

PLEA. I begin myself to be out of all hope—O could I but succeed in my amour to Arabella! But she has used me so unmercifully that I quite despair of success.

WOR. Pr'yhee, Sir Charles, matters are not gone so far as to throw thee into a state of despair.

ROVE. Let me alone to make up the match: Sir Charles, it is a pretty prize in time of peace; a sea-lieutenant with three shillings a day will never agree with your quality.

PLEA. I am wholly at your devotion.

ROVE. Come on then, let's to Belinda's, where we shall see her.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, a CHAMBER.

Enter CRIBBIDGE, EASY, and JILTUP.

JILT. My dear puppies, if you make me a captain's lady, my husband shall hang himself, that there may be a vacancy for one of you.

CRIB.

32 THE FAIR QUAKER: OR,

CRIB. Why, you must make use of all your cunning to draw him into the noose; get him but to the word parson, and I, like his evil genius, will appear to him. You will not be the only jilt married to a sea-captain this day.

JILT. How, say you?

EASY. Why, Jenny Private is gone on board The Venus, to be beau Mizen's wife.

JILT. Ods my life, my cousin Jenny! if such common strumpets as she meet with such good luck, what must a woman of my known virtue and modest conversation expect?

CRIB. Why, then you make degrees in your business.

JILT. O ever;—she that lies with half the town, and does it privately, is prudent; she that gets money by it, is mercenary; and she that does it generously and barefaced, is a woman of honour and quality.

CRIB. Very nice distinctions truly.

EASY. I wonder, since you are so numerous a body of people, you do not get a charter: it will raise a considerable tax to the government; they may as well tolerate you, as wink at great mens keeping you.

JILT. Why, really, settlements are very comfortable things; and our gentry, how sneaking soever they are to their creditors, are most generous to our faculty.

CRIB. Come, tofs us up a bowl of the best, to enable us to go through with this great work.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E, a CHAMBER.

Enter ARABELLA and Maid.

ARA. Have you wrote those letters I gave you to copy?

MAID. I have, madam; and here they are.

ARA. You'll get somebody to deliver this packet to my sister while she is at Belinda's.

MAID.

MAID. Yes, madam, I have a small Mercury already prepared for it.

ARA. Well;—and this letter, in which I have so well counterfeited my brother's hand, that my sister will never discover it.

MAID. But can you hope, madam, by this intrigue, to make captain Worthy your's?

ARA. No, fool; nor, were he dying at my feet, would I receive him. My design is to make my sister hate him; nothing this world calls dear can equal the pleasure of seeing him ill-used by her.

MAID. I fear, madam, it will be past your skill to break the lover's knot that rivets them together.

ARA. Fear not, girl: my sister's zeal will overwhelm her carnal passion; and our story is so plausible, she cannot but believe it.

MAID. I wish all may prove as you design it: I am wholly disposed to follow whatever your commands are pleased to lay upon me.

ARA. Send the letter to my sister by a careful person, and one that you can confide in; and then follow me to my chamber.

MAID. I will instantly about it, madam, most punctually.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *discovers* FLIP, Cockswain, BINNACLE, JACK HATCHWAY, and four Sailors, drinking.

FLIP. Mind nobody drinks twice, fair play, sea-room, and full allowance; don't you flinch your ladle; he that will do that will run down into the hold in an engagement, or say his prayers in a storm.

HATCH. Why, I am married, Sir, and must lie with my wife to-night, which I have not done this eighteen months.

FLIP. You rogue, cannot you get drunk first, and lie with her afterwards?

HATCH. Ay, Sir, but my ill quality is, when I get drunk, I beat my wife immoderately, and kick her out

34 THE FAIR QUAKER: OR,

of doors; which I would not willingly do the the first night.

FLIP. Oh, I'll save you the trouble of that, hell-bird; you shall go on on board to-night, and shall not see your wife these two months.

HATCH. Oh, then, Sir, I'll be drunk with all my heart.

FLIP. Come; confusion to all the fops, maccaronies, and coxcombs of the navy! when I am at the helm, I'll root the rogues from thence: as for you, cockswain, I'll make you a captain, and all the boat's-crew shall be lieutenants.

BIN. Look'ee, I'll be no lieutenant; I'll be a captain the first stroke.

FLIP. Why, what pretensiveness have you to it, lubber?

BIN. My pretensiveness to it is, Sir, that I was rated able, when your worship was ordinary. I thank my stars, I have always continued able, and your worship ordinary.

FLIP. That is no rule, Sirrah! for at that rate I should be king of the seas now; for I was a lieutenant when some that shall be nameless were at the academy only.

BIN. And I could say my compass, reef, hand, and splice, when ne'er a commission-officer in our ship could tell starboard from port. I wonder your honourable worship, being so notorious a man with the Ambralty, don't get captain of the Royal Sufferans.

HATCH. And I likewise wonder your worshipful honour do not get to be knighted, as well as the Mayor here.

BIN. It is a wonderful thing that, Jack, to have the king's majesty's honour clap a cutlash upon a man's skull, and bid him, Rise up, Sir any thing.

FLIP. Look'ee, rogues, the design is very good, and it is a gracious piece of preferment; but it has puffed up so many of our sea-coxcombs, that their pride and vanity will ruin the credit of the navy. But here's to you, Cockswain. [*Drinks.*] Fill it up.

Cocks.

COCKS. I am almost drunk, and like your honour ; another cup will make me clap the ship on board to windward.

FLIP. Why then I'll clap you in the bilboes to leeward.

HATCH. To be free with your Right Reverend Worship's Honour and Glory, I must tell you, being you and I were afore the mast together, it would look as it were something clever of your Honourableness to throw three things over-board.

FLIP. Why, what are those things, Sirrah?

HATCH. The Boatswain, the Purser, and the Bilboes.

ALL SAIL. Ay, overboard with them, i'faith.

FLIP. What! do you mutiny, ye dogs? don't you know there is a court-martial, and that I am presidentum?

COCKS. I was sure these rogues would bring themselves into a prime-in-iron.

BIN. Why, most worthy captain, and my mess-mate that was, look'ee we have no design of mutinying, but only by the way of telling our grievances to your Grace's Honour: and so my humbleness to you.

[*Drinks.*]

FLIP. Come, no more of your nonsensicalness; but get drunk as fast as you can.—Where is the captain of the foretop? you Jack Hatchway! why don't you make answer to your muster?—you Binnacle, what do you curl your button nose for; and sit pinky winky, without passing the word?

BIN. Shall I clap a marling spike in his ears, to clear the limber-holes of his head? for no man needs bounce at a two-and-thirty-pounder that can bear the commodore's thunder. Hatchway, hand along your odd joints.

HATCH. Here I was, your noble honour!

FLIP. Very well, Jack; that is very gingerly said; Hatchway, thou art as tight a lad as ever rode a Flemish horse, or past an earing: thou art the poet of the foretop; and, as commander, I command thee to sing the

36 THE FAIR QUAKER: OR,

song you made on the head of an empty gin cag, after you had sucked the monkey with it: come, no speechifying; sing, or I'll make you.

BIN. Why, your honour deadens his way; can a man be pleasant with a cat always at his back?

FLIP. I tell you, Binnacle, to cease your cheek music, and all your fibiclobber; you have hoisted my red pendant upon your phiz, and now you are as bold as an admiral.—I say sing, or I'll give you a bow gun directly. *[Takes up a bottle.]*

HATCH. Yes, please your Honour and Glory; here goes towards the warbleations.

GROGG, a SONG, by HATCHWAY.

I.

*Old poets they rhyme and they carrol,
Of Falernian and sweet Aganipp:
But what would they give for a barrel
Of excellent Grogg and good Flip!*

II.

*I'd give up the Muses and Graces,
Or else I'd be hang'd like a dog;
Nay, the charms of the fair Gosport faces,
For an excellent sea-stock of Grogg.*

III.

*Hence, Burgundy, Claret, and Champaign,
With Tokay, I would heave the log;
Could I have each cruize, and each campaign,
A bog'shead of excellent Grogg.*

IV.

*Let Irish and Scotch boast their Whisky,
And praise it on mountain and bog;
What liquor can make them so frisky,
As tossing a can of good Grogg?*

V. Ale

V.

*Ale and Porter is fit stuff for Vicars,
And puffs up great alderman Hogg,
But this is the liquor of liquors,
True classical English Grogg.*

VI.

*'Tis Grogg is the soul of the sailor,
'Tis that makes him squeeze the French frog;
Was the boat full, by Neptune, I'd bail her,
Or drown in an ocean of Grogg.*

VII.

*Court-martials have power, and hang may,
But still I will drink tho' ye flogg;
A dozen I'll take at the gang way,
For a double allowance of Grogg.*

VIII.

*Then here's to the King and his Navy,
And each jolly tar and his mogg,
And drown him who first cries peccavi,
In fighting, or drinking of Grogg.*

FLIP. Belay that! well hove, Jack Hatchway: the fellow is a fine poet, a very fine poet!

BIN. Yes, he'll rhyme on a topsail yard, when the ship pitches fore-castle under.

FLIP. Jack, you shall hoist the sea-laurel, and build an ode in honour and glory of his majesty—I wrote a song too; did not I, Binnacle?

BIN. Yes, but I found rhyme and spelling.

Enter INDENT.

IND. Your honour, a word with you. [*They go aside.*]

COCKS. Ah!—when the captain and purser whisper, our guts ought to grumble.

BIN.

38 THE FAIR QUAKER : OR,

BIN. Ay, Cockswain, those whisperations are many an ounce of butter and cheese out of our way.

3 SAI. Ay, and a great deal of beer too: but my service to you, mess-mate.

FLIP. Why, I designed to go and see her this evening.
[To Indent.

IND. As I passed by the door, she told me she was impatient to see you; for you was the handsomest man in the navy, and the best-natured captain in the whole fleet.

FLIP. Why, I believe, the jade does love me; therefore you and I will go to supper with her; but first I'll make all the boat's-crew drunk: come, rogues, clap the bowl to your mouths, and don't stand sipping out of a thing that don't hold a pint.

COCKS. Well, if we must all be drunk, we must, and so down let it go. Here's to you——If every man stows as much of it as I did in these half dozen gulps, I'll pawn my call on't, it won't come round again.

FLIP. So, I am in stout heart enough now to venture an engagement with this virgin frigate: and so come along with me.
[Exeunt Flip and Purser.

BIN. Well, now we have got rid of the rum duke, being in a very merry humour, let us put it to the vote, whether we shall beat the mayor and corporation, and drown the constables; kiss all the women we meet with, and unrig the houses, in honour of his majesty.

COCKS. No, no, Binnacle, let us lie down in honour of his majesty, and rise in fresh spirits to receive him on board.

BIN. That is the mark; let us bear up for blanket-bay, for my head swivels round like a vane.—Down top-gallant sails,—in reefs,—steady boys! steady!

[Exeunt singing.

A C T,

A C T IV.

S C E N E, *A Room in BELINDA's House.*

Enter ROVEWELL, WORTHY, Sir CHARLES PLEASANT, BELINDA, and DORCAS.

ROVE. **I** Am sorry Arabella is not here ; it is a disappointment to Sir Charles.

PLEA. Methinks I do look a little aukward amongst you billing turtles ; I am not a fit companion for lovers who have nothing to coo to.

BEL. I cannot imagine what you mean by lovers : my friend the Quaker here has indeed shewn a little foolish fondness for captain Worthy ; but I hope you have suspected no such thing from any action of mine, Mr. Rovewell.

DOR. Why, friend Belinda, art thou not ashamed to dissemble so ? I must tell thee my conscience will not let me do it ; if thou dost not shew a great deal of kindness for Rovewell forthwith, I will discover what passed in thy closet between us just now.

ROVE. Oh, tell me but that, and I'll adore thee ; give me but a cause to laugh at her impertinent weakness, and I shall be happy.

BEL. How dare you offer at this insolence ? have you any pretensions to me, vain fellow ?

ROVE. Yes, I have, vain woman : if two years constant courtship, with an awful respect and adoration paid to you ; if oaths, if vows, if sighs and tender expressions can give a man pretensions, I can justly claim them, vain woman !

BEL. You might have put in your foolish presents too ; your baubles of china, your Indian umbrella, your hair ring, and your own picture.

ROVE.

40 THE FAIR QUAKER: OR,

ROVE. By heavens! I'd give the world I could hate you now: but, Belinda, there is something so bewitching in your form, that I still must love you; though never so ill used, like a spaniel, I must fawn upon you.

PLEA. Now, faith, Belinda, had I admired you an age; nay, had I thought you an angel, and been as much enamoured of you as it was possible for a coxcomb to be; I would, at this usage, marry your chambermaid, that she might take place of you: I would ridicule you in all companies, quarrel with and cut the throat of any body that pretended courtship to you, and would make you die an old maid in spite of your teeth.

ROVE. Whilst I, like a good-natured fool, hug my chains, and think of no heaven but my Belinda.

WOR. For shame, proud creature! let not your vain folly get the better of your sense and reason; take to your arms the man you love: come, I see good-nature in your eyes. Thus I seize your hand, and am resolved to give it to him who has your heart.

BEL. Pshaw—what insolence is this! do you think I am to be forced?

DOR. No, no, there can be no force in the case; thou art a dissembler.

PLEA. In short, if she refuses, we'll swear a contract, and make a forced marriage on it.

BEL. Had I not some inclination, your force and threats would never do. Here, Rovewell, take my hand; I hope for better usage from you, than you have received from me.

ROVE. O, my Belinda! one pleasing look makes amends for all my pains and agonies.

DOR. Ay, now it is as it should be.

BEL. I know, Rovewell, you'll forgive the folly of my sex, and put a favourable construction on what I have done; women, like frontier towns, should not capitulate at first.

WOR. There, there, kiss her hand eagerly; and leave her to imagine what you ought to say. To-morrow one priest will join both couples: now let us spend
the

the night in mirth : by this time Mizen has linked with our sham Quaker. With your leave, Belinda, we'll invite them hither.

ROVE. It is ten to one but the vanity of his imaginary conquest will bring him without an invitation.

BEL. Pray make my house your own.

WOR. Pardon, my dear creature, the freedom we have taken in using your name; but this coxcomb might have offered a violence we should have wished avoided.

ROVE. Belinda, I'll take the freedom of sending for our noble Commodore and his lady too, who are by this time noosed : we'll first dance, then raise them to the height of mirth, and discover the plot.

PLEA. It will be a most pleasant comedy.

WOR. Faith, I fear it will prove a tragedy to poor Mizen, who will look as dull as a pressed sailer under the hatches of a tender.

Enter a Servant.

SER. Madam, this packet was left for you by a sailor. *[Gives it to Dorcas.]*

DOR. Ha ! to Mrs. Dorcas Zeal, and one inclosed to Worthy ! who can this be from ? *[Reads.]*

“ I doubt not but you will wonder at the villainies of
“ mankind, when I tell you that Worthy, whom you
“ have thoughts of making your husband, is already
“ married to me. I have two children by him : give
“ him the inclosed ; if, after reading on't, he dares deny
“ it, the next post shall bring to his fight his much in-
“ jured ELIZABETH WORTHY.”

[Dorcas swoons away.]

WOR. Oh heavens, what ails my charmer ?

BEL. Surprizing ! *[They all hold her.]*

DOR. Oh false man ! oh cruel Worthy !

[She swoons again.]

BEL. Bless me, she faints again !

WOR. I am amazed ! *[They set her in a chair.]*

G

DOR.

DOR. Oh, read these lines, thou perjured man!

*[Worthy reads the letter, and drops it again
in a great surprize.]*

What is here? another! and directed to me! *[Reads.]*

“ Though you have been guilty of many villainies,
“ and used me ill, I never thought you would have
“ dared to have married another wife; but, since I know
“ you so well, I’ll appear at Portsmouth, and tear your
“ idol Quaker’s heart out. I am your much injured

“ ELIZABETH WORTHY.”

Sir Charles, feel me! have I life? am I awake! or do I dream?

ROVE. What a plague means all this romantic stuff? have we got the method of poisoning by letter come into England at last?

PLEA. Faith, I am afraid to take the letter up, for fear I should be infected too.

BEL. This sudden change is most surprizing: help, lead her to my chamber; a little sleep may bring her to herself again.

DOR. Lead me to death most willingly: horreur and despair will end my days.

[Exeunt Dorcas, Belinda, and Servants.]

WOR. Go, charming fair! I cannot blame thee for this great concern. Death, hell, and devils! am I then at last become a villain! a betrayer of weak virgins hearts!—Am I, from a man of honour, sunk to a degenerate slave!—By heaven, I am raging mad! What ill-boding spirit could owe me such a spite, and cross at once my full-blown joys!

ROVE. Worthy, is the frolic to go round? are we to be all mad? or must only you and the Quaker carry on the jest?

WOR. Oh, Rovewell, read these, the cause of all my woes.

ROVE. *[Takes up the letters, reads, and Sir Charles over his shoulder.]* “ Guilty—villainies—another wife—at Portsmouth—Quaker’s heart out.

ELIZABETH WORTHY.”

AN

An intrigue well carried on, i'faith.

[*Reads the other letter.*

" I doubt not——wonder——of men——Worthy—
" your husband——two children——the inclosed——
" next post——to his sight. ELIZ. WORTHY."

PLEA. Why, this lady of yours writes very prettily, Captain; it is a pretty sentimental scrawl.

ROVE. The woman has a pretty nack, faith; pr'ythee, Worthy, are these two children of yours boys or girls? ha! ha! ha!

WOR. Hell and furies! am I become your scorn? do you laugh at me?

ROVE. Ay, faith, do we. Canst thou be concerned at the stratagem of a woman who loves thee? look once more upon the scrawl, canst thou not guess whose hand it is?

WOR. Ha!—by this light, it looks somewhat like Arabella's! It must be her's. Fool that I was, not to perceive it before; I wonder my charming Quaker discovered it not! I'll in, and undeceive her. [*Meets Belinda.*] Oh Belinda! this is a trick of Arabella's; behold, see here, the cunning penning of her envious fingers.

BEL. I wish the worst effects of it are past; for she has vowed never to see you more: I'll watch her slumbers, and when she wakes I'll tell her the story before her fits return.—Rovewell, you may now see, when once our sex resolves to love, it is dangerous to disappoint us; but come, let us comfort the poor captain here, who looks more dejected than a discarded minister.

PLEA. Oh, worse than that, madam; he puts me in mind of an English captain taken by a French privateer.

ROVE. It is a dismal thing to be first boarded, then stript, and afterwards clapt into a French gaol.

BEL. In short, he looks as if he was married.

PLEA. Right, madam, and his countenance shews full of a family concern.

WOR. How can you blame my surprize?—Were you to see the fair Belinda, whom I know you love the

44 THE FAIR QUAKER: OR,

best of any one on earth ; were you, I say, to see her in tears and agonies for something you had done, nay, for something you had not done, some villainous imputation charged upon you, it would touch your heart as much as mine.

ROVE. Why, faith, I have so good an opinion of Belinda, that I fancy she would give herself none of those airs if she heard I had twenty children.

BEL. Nay, more than that, had you twenty wives, I should keep my temper ; for if you will love a great many of my sex, it is probable I shall find out a way of making reprisals.

PLEA. What is all this to my happiness ? how am I to come by my Arabella ?

BEL. Why, she is as easily come at as the rest of her sex.

PLEA. But, madam, if she doats on my captain, how can I expect she will ever smile on me ?

WOR. Oh, her love to me is vanished, if ever she had any ; this action of hers plainly shews her malice.

BEL. Come, I'll write her word what an heroic passion she has put Worthy into, and the fainting condition poor Dorcas lies in ; I'll praise her for her well-invented stratagem, and then let her know Sir Charles is here.

PLEA. Why, madam, do you think that will bring her ?

BEL. Sir Charles, I have heard her say many handsome things of you ; I know she likes the word *quality* much ; and would not care, if on any terms, she could be called her ladyship ; for she is pleased with taking place : that, you must know, is the darling vanity of our sex ; if she goes to Spithead, she rows in precedence.

ROVE. You may set your heart at rest ; you have a fairer prospect of marrying Arabella, than poor Worthy has for marrying her sister.

BEL. Come, tease him no more ; I'll steal up to her, and convince her of the error she is in. Go into the parlour, and we will come to you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE,

SCENE, a Chamber in JILTUP'S House.

Enter FLIP (*drunk*), INDENT, and JILTUP.

JILT. This was kind indeed, my dear dog, to make me the first visit, when so many ladies in town die for you.

FLIP. Why, you little huffy you, I think all the women in town look like swabs to you.

IND. Indeed, madam, the commodore does often launch out in your praises.

FLIP. Ay, and commendations too; why, I love you so well, that I could be your consort and your messmate for ever. When I die it is all your own; my houses, my land, and my every thing else come to you by will and power.

JILT. Poor good-natured thing, how is it possible for me to return thy kindneffes? I have no land but my own body; take me into thy mess, and make me happy.

Enter CRIBBIDGE, in a priest's habit.

FLIP. What have we here? a parson! I hate a priest ever since the last round-robbin was wrote against me.

JILT. Oh, dear cousin Homily, I am glad to see you.

FLIP. Is this your cousin, my dear?

CRIB. Cousin, I am glad to see you; I come to stay with you some time; your doctor being gone out of town, I am to officiate for him until his return.

IND. Rarely acted, i'faith; he looks much modester than most of our sea-chaplains. [*aside.*]

CRIB. Well, cousin, may I give you joy? have you entered into the holy state of matrimony yet?

JILT. No, cousin, I am willing to see a little more of the world first; Portsmouth is a place of variety.

CRIB. A parishioner of mine, that has seen you, seems to have a great mind to make you his wife: He has a plentiful estate, with a fine house, in a pleasant part of Kent; he is of a very good family, and is a personal handsome man.

FLIP.

46 THE FAIR QUAKER: OR,

FLIP. Hearn'ee, Sir, none of your match-making stories here. This lady and her inclinations are moored to my affections; and he that claps her aboard must expect to be raked fore and aft with my double and round.

CRIB. Sir, I beg your pardon, if you are the lady's husband, I have done, Sir.

FLIP. Look'ee, Sir, I am not the lady's husband; but, if you understand that part of your trade, and will splice us together, I have a couple of guineas at your service.

CRIB. Sir, if all parties are consenting, I shall not be a great while performing that ceremony.

FLIP. Why, all parties are consented, Reverendissimo.

CRIB. Sir, if I have that from the lady's mouth, and you can get a father to give her away, I shall proceed.

FLIP. Oh, as to a father, here is the purser shall stand that part of the story. Tell him, my dear, how you love and adore me.

JILT. I must say, I have an unalterable affection for the commodore; but, if I should marry him, and he should not love me after it, I should be the most miserablest creature nature ever formed.

FLIP. Not love you, my dear! why, I'll stick as close as pitch, or carved work to a ship's stern! nothing shall be done by me without thy consent; you shall have the working of my vessel, and stand at the helm in all weathers.

IND. Well, madam, since I am chose for your father, give me leave to know what is best for you; I'll engage the commodore proves the tenderest husband in the navy.

CRIB. Truly, the gentleman hath the aspect of a man of parts.

FLIP. Reverendissimo, I thank you for your good opinion of my outelests; and if you'll give yourself the trouble of coming on board my ship, you shall have your skull and guts filled so full of brandy and salt-beef,
and

and your ears so alarmed with drums, trumpets, huzzas, and guns, that you'll be as drunk in half an hour as you were at wetting your warrant.

CRIB. Sir, people of my cloth never launch out beyond the rules of decency.

FLIP. I cannot say any thing to your shore-folks; but I am certain our sea-chaplains (generally speaking) are drunk as often as our sea-captains.

CRIB. The more the pity, that religion should be so abused by such profligates.

IND. Why, indeed, the sailors are apt enough to be wicked of themselves, and such examples from their superiors may be one great reason of so much immorality in the navy.

FLIP. Come, my dear, let the doctor do his office, and belay our affair.

JILT. Well, you have overcome me, you winning rogue!

FLIP. So, very well; then begin, Mr. Homily.

CRIB. In the other room, if you please.

JILT. Ay, ay, the next room is more private.

FLIP. Bear away then; I am all over storeship and transport with thy dear person: come, I'll give you a tow, you are my prize now; I am bound for Merryland and Wedlock Harbour.

A C T V.

SCENE, a STREET.

Enter ARABELLA dressed like a Quaker, in mens cloaths.

ARA. **S**O, my plot succeeds as well as I could wish, Belinda's letter tells me all. Now must I take care to give my faint-like sister these credentials when she wakes.
I think

48 THE FAIR QUAKER: OR,

I think I look as like one of the pious brethren as if I had been educated at Philadelphia.—Now to support my character. *[knocks.]*

Enter ADVOCATE.

ARA. Is Dorcas Zeal within this dwelling-place?

ADV. Yes, she is.

ARA. Wilt thou go and tell unto her, that I would speak with her instantaneously?

ADV. If you will walk in, I'll let my mistress know your message: but the lady is asleep.

ARA. Go, I'll follow thee. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE, a Parlour in BELINDA'S House.

Enter ADVOCATE and ARABELLA.

ADV. Sit down, while I acquaint my lady. *[Exit.]*

ARA. Now for a disguising look, that she may not know me.

Enter BELINDA.

BEL. My servant tells me, you would speak with Dorcas Zeal.

ARA. Yea, verily, she hath told thee the truth.

BEL. She is laid down, and indisposed; I am loth to disturb her.

ARA. Verily, I could wish thou couldst dispense with giving her some small disturbance; my business is very urgent; for behold my errand is from her brother, and concerneth her much; and we must be in private.

BEL. Then follow me.

ARA. So I will. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE draws, and discovers DORCAS on a Couch.

Re-enter BELINDA and ARABELLA.

How does my dear? I feared we should have disturbed your rest; but, this young man being very urgent to speak with you, I ventured to bring him up.

DOR.

DOR. I am much better; but still troubled in mind.

BEL. Oh, as soon as you have dispatched your business, I'll set your mind to rights, I'll warrant you.

[Exit.

ARA. May be not——

[aside.

Friend, thy brother did send this unto thee; when thou hast overlooked the contents thereof, thou wilt know my business here.

DOR. May be it contains something of that traitor Worthy.

[Reads.

“ Beloved sister,

“ The bearer hereof, being the son of Ananias, who was an upright member of the cause, I recommend unto thee for a helpmate. He hath two thousand pounds a year; and I send him to thee in a good season, that thou mayest be delivered from the wicked designs of the seducing married man Worthy.

“ Thine, in truth and sincerity,

“ SHADRACH ZEAL.”

DOR. A comely youth, well worthy my good liking. Besides, how blest an occasion offereth to be revenged of an ungrateful man! (*aside.*)—Art thou, young man, the subject of this paper?

ARA. Yea, lovely maiden, I am the chosen man, selected by my friend and thy good brother, to greet thee with an holy kiss; and tell thee I love thee, fair one.

DOR. Love me at first sight!—Have a care thou talk not in the language of the world, and play the deceiver; if thou doest, assure thyself I shall rebuke thee for it.

ARA. I have seen thee often before, verily.

DOR. Where didst thou see me?

ARA. In the great London city.

DOR. When there sawest thou me?

ARA. At the last general assembly of the faithful, met at that season worldly men call Whitsuntide.

DOR. Yea truly, our good brother Shadrach carried me up to that noisy town of pride and vanity, to greet

H

our

our brethren friends at the last meeting. But, if thou sawest me there, how chanceth it, that, in so long a silence thou hast stifled up the breathings of thy heart from the fifth month even to the ninth?

ARA. Oh! Dorcas, Dorcas!—ah—I saw and loved thee, but, alas, I checked the moving spirit within! With my green years methought I was too young to lead a sister.

DOR. Verily the outward man thou bearest looketh with an honest face.

ARA. My inward man bears the same honest face too, [*Kisses Dorcas's hand.*] Deny me not thine hand.

DOR. Some such like agonies as these, I felt from the first touch of the false Worthy.—

ARA. False, indeed!—He is one of the profane, alien to our purer flock; and who can tell, were he thy chosen yoke-mate, but he would force thee to one of his own steeple-houses; nay, and perhaps lead thee, in vain toppings, to a carnal seat in one of the sad play-houses?

DOR. [*Sighs.*] Ah!

ARA. But I am, thou knowest, a lamb of thy own fold; me thou mayest mould to what thy own heart liketh: then let us not, like the vain babbling worldly ones, thus lose the precious time in foolish courtship; but let me forthwith introduce myself into thy affections.

DOR. Yea, I do take thee, and, like a back-slider who repenteth, I will, with pure zeal and fervency, turn unto thee.

Enter WORTHY, ROVEWELL, Sir CHARLES, and
BELINDA.

WOR. Oh, my dear creature, do I hold thee fast!

ARA. Friend, hast thou any pretensions to this woman, who is the wife of my bosom?

DOR. Stand off, vile man; thou, with thy flattering tongue, hadst almost betrayed me! but now I defy thee!
—Go to thy wife and children.

ARA,

ARA. Go to thy wife and children.

WOR. Furies and fire, I shall run distracted!

ARA. Friend, swear not at all.

WOR. What canting coxcomb's this, that dares usurp my right?

ARA. Thou mayst bluster as much as thou pleatest! but I tell unto thee, this woman is bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh.

DOR. Thou hast said the truth, and nothing but the truth;—I say again and again, be gone to thy own wife.

ARA. Ay, go unto thy wife.

WOR. Rovewell, Sir Charles, Belinda, must I bear all this? let me but keep my senses!

BEL. I am surprized at you!

ROVE. Behold, the letters you received were written by Arabella: see here her very hand.

ARA. Friend, listen not to them; they are deceivers: let us depart from amongst them.

PLEA. Look'ee, young fellow, none of your impertinent cant here; this lady shall not stir till we have undeceived her.

ROVE. And when we have done that, good Sir, you may troop to The Bull-and-Mouth again, without this she-friend's money.

DOR. What power hast thou to hinder our departing hence?

ARA. Ay, friend, tell us that.

ROVE. How can you be so cruel to a man whose life's sole happiness is placed in you?

DOR. How can I be cruel enough to one who would have for ever made me miserable?

WOR. Oh! would you but hear me justify myself, I soon would answer all this villainous forgery, and clear my wounded innocence and honour.

ARA. Friend, hear him not; he hath a vile deluding tongue.

PLEA. Hark'ee, young fellow, I have something to tell you.

ARA. Friend, I have nothing to say to thee; therefore touch me not, I say.

52 THE FAIR QUAKER: OR,

DOR. Pray use no rudeness; but let us be gone quietly.

PLEA. No struggling, good, sweet, diminutive cock-comb; if thou dost, I shall use the carnal weapon upon thee.

ARA. Be gone, fellow!

[In struggling, her hat and wig fall off.]

BEL. How!—Arabella!—Then the plot's discovered.

DOR. *[Scrieks.]* How's this! my holy brother in the spirit turned to an arrant sister in the flesh!

WOR. Ha!—my old friend, this was a well-acted tragi-comedy of thine.

DOR. I am in so much confusion and surprize, I know not what to say.

ARA. Now, Sir, I suppose you'll let me go; I have no more business here.

PLEA. This discovery will make me hold you faster than before.

ROVE. Ay, madam, there is no retreating now; we'll be even with you for all your usage.

DOR. Friend Worthy, canst thou forgive me, and once more take my hand?

WOR. Can I live?—not without thee, I am sure! Oh, had you but once overlooked these lines, how had you saved me all this wild distraction!

PLEA. Look'ee, madam, no struggling: you are now my prisoner; I shall not release you but upon very advantageous terms to myself.

BEL. Those terms, Sir Charles, let me have leave to make. I know the gentleman's mind so well, that I dare give you her hand.

ARA. Upon what account, Belinda;

BEL. Why, upon the account of being my Lady Pleasant. Pr'ythee don't put on a dissembling look; consent forthwith, or you shall die a maid. But first I'll reconcile you to this couple.

DOR. I forgive thee, sister, what excess of passion moved thee to; but, if thou valuest me, accept of the man Pleasant for thy husband.

ARA.

ARA. I am a little confounded; let me retire till I have recovered myself; I'll wait on you again. [*Is going.*]

DOR. Stay, sister-husband, that would'st have been: one serious word before thou goest.

ARA. Ay, and two merry ones if you please.

DOR. If I had taken thee hand in hand to the steeple-house yoke-maker, wouldest thou have had the impudence to have said after him; I, a false brother, Ananias, take thee a true sister Dorcas, to have and to hold, to love and to cherish?—thou *love* and *cherish* me! oh, fie! oh, fie!

ARA. No, faith, sister, I should never have pushed the jest so far neither.

DOR. Go, go thy ways; thou art a wild facetious girl.

[*Exit Arabella.*]

ROVE. Follow, Sir Charles, follow her; never let her go beyond thy reach, till thou hast her safe; and we will all go along with thee, to be ready for auxiliaries upon occasion.

BEL. Well, I'll take care the breeches shall be delivered, Sir Charles; this shall be the last hour of your wearing those masculine trophies of tyranny.

[*Exeunt all but Worthy and Dorcas.*]

DOR. Well, this malicious sister of ours had a strange plot against us; but I hope, kind Worthy, thou canst heartily forgive her.

WOR. Ay, and thank the very hand that snatched thee from me, because it brings me the transporting joys of this blest restoration.

Enter FLIP, pulling in MIZEN, who holds JENNY PRIVATE in his other hand, dressed like a Quaker, and exactly like DORCAS.

FLIP. Here we are, gallant and gay: here is brave Mizen and his galleon, with a cargo worth ten thousand pounds; all sheer gold, never sifted through the grid-iron at The French-horn upon Tower-hill. Don't be ashamed of your fortune; steer up to him, and lay her athwart his cut-water.

MIZ.

54 THE FAIR QUAKER: OR,

MIZ. By the mines of Golconda will I. He will have a fine dose of mortification when he sees the prize I have in tow. [*Entering with her on the stage.*] My dear ship-mate Worthy, thou see'st I have made bold; we have signed and sealed, noble Captain.

WOR. Yes, Captain Mizen, I see you have sealed and signed.

FLIP. Ay, they are clinched as fast as a first rate's cable.

MIZ. Ha!—what, what do I see! [*Seeing the true Dorcas.*] Is that beautiful Quakeress a relation of thine, sweet Jane?

JEN. Yes,—my dear sister and friend; I greet thee lovingly.

DOR. My sister! what art thou?

JEN. In my single estate I was called Dorcas Zeal; but in my wedlock-bonds my name is Dorcas Mizen.

DOR. Dorcas! and Zeal!—who gave thee those names?

JEN. Verily, it is a name I borrowed to myself, to make this dear captain happy in a yoke-mate.

MIZ. Borrowed!—Oh, perdition!

DOR. Nay, in my cloathing too! my very likeness!

WOR. My rival-captain, joy to you and your prize! how lucky to double The Cape with such a cargo!

FLIP. A rich Hermione!—a galleon from Acapulca!

MIZ. Joy!—ten thousand torments burst like a tornado!—Joy!—never was man so cheated, damned, and ruined!—Wife, witch, Jezabel, who art thou?

JEN. Shall I, dear spouse, answer thee in the language of the sanctified?

MIZ. No; in thy own diabolical dialect; and tell me, whence camest thou?

JEN. From London, if it shall please thee.

MIZ. A woman of the town, I suppose; a Strand-bird, or a Drury-nymph?

JEN. Even one of that cloudy generation; but now a captain's lady.

MIZ. A captain's lady! Oh, the curse of my credulity!—Plagues, pestilence, and famine! Oh, had I made

made a voyage to the North-sea, and been frozen to death, rather than thus to run bump ashore on sacrificed rocks!

FLIP. Oh, brother Mizen, no more hard words; for, now you are bilged on The Bishops and Clerks, you will have time enough to reform the navy. Oh, take her to thy bosom; if thou diest, she will do honour to the pension.

MIZ. Take her to my bosom!—take her to the devil.

DOR. Be not profane, thou tinsel child of vanity. Verily, friend Worthy, I must retire forthwith, that my eyes and ears may not be wounded by the sight of such wanton company, and the breath of impiety: I will depart, and wait for thee, friend Worthy, in the adjoining apartment.

WOR. My sweet spirit of purity, I will just convert these wicked ones, and be with you.

DOR. Success attend thee! My wishes are great; but my fears are greater, his folly is so deep in grain. Friend Mizen, lay aside thy frippery, that thy vanity may be less conspicuous. *[Exit Dorcas.]*

WOR. Pr'ythee, Mizen, have patience; and have a little reason in thy passion.

MIZ. Reason in my passion, when tied to such a ring-bolt!

WOR. No; not when thou hast deserved to be so tied?

MIZ. Deserved!

WOR. Ay, Sir, deserved! Didst thou not know my claim to this fair lady? and was it not a poor and paltry conduct to invade my right?

MIZ. Noble Worthy, I own myself to blame; and am severely persecuted for my perfidy!

FLIP. No, No, I have no pity for thee now. What, turn buccaneer, down-right pirate for a wife, and nought serve thee but Worthy's Dorcas! Thou art wrecked on The Scilly-Isles; and thou deservest it.—Now, I have married a wench—

WOR.

56 THE FAIR QUAKER: OR,

WOR. Thou!

FLIP. This very day; but my Fubb's yacht pretends to no thousands: my wench is a plain, little, neat pin-nace, with neither gilding or paint at stem or stern: and when she first hove in sight, a brisk gale of love sprung up; I filled, tacked, and laid her aboard.

WOR. That is to say, you married her.

FLIP. True; and when the job was belayed, she bore away for dock to be new-rigged; and see, she comes, jack, ensign, and pendant flying!

Enter JILTUP, CRIBBIDGE, and BINNACLE.

WOR. Joy, noble Commodore, and eke sweet Lady Flip.

MIZ. Yes, abundance of joy to you both.

JILT. I thank you all, gentlemen and ladies.—Ha! my sweet, dear, delightful, cousin Jenny here! O dear cousin Jenny——

FLIP. Her cousin, say you!

BIN. Ay, and a pretty pair of pigeons are they. Why, Commodore, my mind has misgave me ever since you took to praying; ever since you took into your knowledge-box to be so plaguy holy; you have always been in full chace of other mens wives, or moored, head and stern, in a bawdy-house. Yes, they are cater-cousins, and the devil cannot match them.

JILT. Yes, dear commodore, we are cousins; but, though I have the honour to be your most amiable lady, I must not grow proud, and forget my old acquaintance.

BIN. To be sure, humbleness becomes you.—They have both passed many a night at the crown of our best bower tier. Who the devil would have thought of their finding the ladder to the great cabin?

FLIP. Wed a succubus! Diseases, scurvy and death! I'll run mad; turn the muzzle of a great-gun down into the powder-room, and blow myself to the devil.

BIN.

BIN. Yes, methinks, that is all that is left for it; but there is no occasion for your taking any company with you, when bound on a voyage to The Black-land.

MIZ. I could almost find courage to laugh at the commodore; but my own deed sticks like a harpoon in my sides. Well, Flip, thou art bilged, and hast got on the matrimonial-bucklers too!

JELT. But I hope, spouse, my future virtue and consideration—

FLIP. Old Nick run a hunting with thy virtue through all the scuppers and ring-bolts of the fleet!

BIN. Why, to be sure, commodore, the young woman has no matters of virtue to brag of; but she may mend, by praying with you.

FLIP. O, the sense of my folly will founder me; I'll drown myself.

BIN. If you do, you will make a large hole in the water.

MIZ. O Worthy, if thou bearest a humane soul, as basely as I plotted to betray thee, even thou thyself must pity me.

WOR. I do pity thee; pity both of you; and, to prove I do;—what will you say, if I knock off your irons, and make you free as ever?

MIZ. Drown for thee!

FLIP. Fight for thee!

MIZ. Die for thee!

WOR. No more of this;—what will you do for these poor creatures?

MIZ. Faith, I'll treat Jenny with this purse of a hundred guineas, and allow her the same settlement for life.

BIN. Well, that is spoken as freely as though the money was not his own.

WOR. Art thou content, girl?

JEN. So well content, that on my knees I'll thank you.

BIN. Yes, and it is the first time you ever knelt to any purpose.

I

WOR.

58 THE FAIR QUAKER: OR,

WOR. Well, commodore, and what will you grant?

FLIP. My boatswain's full pay, and Binnacle into the bargain.

BIN. Thank your honour for all favours; but I've engaged to a little smuggling cutter of my own.

WOR. This you promise to perform.

JEN. and JILT. We do.

WOR. And I promise to see it executed. And now, gentlemen, I must tell you, these wedlock nooses were of my knotting;—I was the match-maker.

FLIP. and MIZ. Thou!

WOR. Not to ruin, but reform you; and the reverend parson was only your friend Cribbidge in masquerade.

CRIB. You see, commodore, I am ready to serve you in all capacities, though I did not pass the wedding gasket for a full due.

FLIP. I thought the canonical rascal had a hanging look, somewhat like my lieutenant.

WOR. As for thee, Flip, I knew thee such a rake; that the first drunken fit would run thee into irrevocable shame and ruin; and therefore, to save thee, I tried this cheat upon you, to be a warning sea-mark against all matrimonial quicksands.

FLIP. By Neptune, thou art a brave fellow; and I will improve by it.

BIN. I hope so, for there is room enough for it.

MIZ. Damn it, take my life, but let me keep my taste; for I do not see why a well-dressed officer may not fight as well as a slovenly one.

BIN. It will be marvelous if he does.

WOR. Nay, now, gentlemen, you make me proud of this day's work.

*Enter Sir CHARLES, ARABELLA in her own dress,
ROVEWELL, BELINDA, and DORCAS.*

WOR. My dearest Dorcas, welcome! Well, Sir Charles, how stand the affairs of love?

PLEA.

PLEA. Faith, very well ; generous Arabella has hung out the flag of truce, and promises to surrender.

WOR. Nay, then we shall see you shine the conqueror.

PLEA. When this fair hand has crowned me one.

ARA. Yes, Worthy, you shall have no more of my wild airs ; as I have taken some pains to reaze you, I will study now—

[Giving her hand to Sir Charles.]

PLEA. To blefs the happiest man.

WOR. But what says Royewell ?

ROVE. What I am proud to declare, Belinda is kind.

BEL. Yes, Worthy, I have at last consented to make myself happy.

WOR. Well, ladies, since the preliminaries of the soft peace of love are signed, let us embrace the happy opportunity of the royal visit, and repair on board The Union, to celebrate the nuptials.

BIN. The barges are all manned.

WOR. Commodore, lead the way.

FLIP. Ay, ay, I'll take you all in tow.

WOR. Mizen, you are next in command.

MRZ. And every command in future I'll support with honour : but I'll wear my feather ; nor will I be afraid to finge it with the fire of the stoutest man of war in Europe.

ROVE. Fair Belinda, your hand. *[Exit leading Belinda.]*

PLEA. Dear Arabella, permit me the felicity.

[Exit leading Arabella.]

WOR. And I'll be pilot to my sweet Quaker.

DOR. I desire no better friend through life.

[Exit with Worthy.]

CRIB. And you, sweet birds of Paradise, shall grace the rear. *[Exit, leading Jiltup and Jenny Private.]*

THE FAIR QUAKER.

Enter SAILORS. Very well, generous Arabella has hung
out the flag of friendship to the world.

Wor. May, then we shall see you shine the com-
petitor.

BIN. Come, bear a hand, my lads, and pull away
To see our king's boys;—what a glorious day!
Old Nick take him, who this day falls or clinches,
For king and country I would die by inches.
Hurra! hurra! hurra! hurra! [Encore]

TEA. To bless the happy man.
Wor. But what's the matter?
BIN. What I am proud to declare. Behind is
The Guns fire, and the SCENE opens and discovers

Bar. Yes, Wor. I have at last consented to make
The Fleet and Review at Spithead.
Wor. Well, ladies, these the preliminaries of the lot
peace of love are signed, let us embrace the happy op-
portunity of the royal visit, and repair on board The

A DANCE OF SAILORS.

Wor. Commanders, lead the way.
BIN. Ay, ay, I'll take you all in tow.
Wor. Which you are next in command.
BIN. And I'll be your Quaker.

After which, the Song of Rule, Britannia, &c.
honour; but I'll wear my feather; nor will I be afraid
to fight it with the line of the stoutest man of war in
Europe.

TEA. In Britain, your hand. [Exit leading Behind.
BIN. Dear Arabella, permit me the liberty.

TEA. [Exit leading Arabella.
BIN. And I'll be your Quaker.

TEA. I desire no better friend through life.
BIN. [Exit with Wor.]

CRP. And your worst birds of Paradise, shall grace
the room. [Exit leading Young and Young Private.

